

## Pure fuel by illyx

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**Summary:**

“So... Mr. Byers, the gym is empty, there’s this song stuck in the player for the last 30 minutes, we haven’t had a chance to dance yet, shall we?” she told him coily.

A little sweet fic telling what happened after the Snow Ball.

## Pure fuel

### Author's Note:

New fic. Fluffy and a bit smutty. All mistakes are my own. I hope you enjoy :)

ALSO CAN I JUST SAY THAT I'VE JUST FOUND OUT THAT CHARLIE AND NATALIA ARE AT A CANVENTION/FESTIVAL NEAR ME (TUSCANY, ITALY) AND I'M STUCK AT HOME WHILE EVERYONE I KNOW IS THERE AND TAKING PICTURES AND POSTING THEM. LORD OF SHIPS, FANGIRLS AND FANWORKS HELP ME THROUGH THIS DAY.

I don't own Stranger Things, even if I wish I did.

P.S.: English is not my first language.

The bowl of punch was almost empty and Nancy reckoned from the stickiness of the gym wood tiles that at least half of it landed on the floor. Well, it couldn't be a real 13-year-old party without a sticky floor, she thought, a smile forming on her face.

The gym was now almost empty, a few girls left gossiping on the bleachers, heads together, white tights touching. She could hear some chatter from outside, the music volume now low, as the playlist was stuck to the last song that was played.

She spotted a head of chestnut hair, head bent over his camera. He turned towards her, smiling slightly as she wrapped her arms around him from behind.

“Hey stranger, shot some good pictures?” she said against his back.

“Hello, how was the night? Was there enough fuel for all these kids?” he said grinning.

“Well, I think it fueled them alright. Did you see Mike and Eleven, Lucas and Max and Will with that girl?  
I think they even kissed!”

Jonathan was shaking his head, smiling.

“Really? Will? Wow, those kids had more action in one night than I had in seventeen years of my life!”

Nancy laughed softly, fingers lacing with his.

“So... Mr. Byers, the gym is empty, there’s this song stuck in the player for the last 30 minutes, we haven’t had a chance to dance yet, shall we?” she told him coily.

He began to stutter nervously “Nance, you know I’ll step on you toes and break your foot and then we’ll have to call a doctor-”

Nancy shot him a “are you really going there?” look, raising her eyebrows, he was adorable, really.

He huffed, resigned, as he put his hands on her hips while she laced her fingers behind his head. They began slowly swaying to the music. Jonathan had to admit, it wasn’t that bad, actually a slow-dance with Nancy Wheeler was more than he could have ever hoped for just a few months ago and yet, here he was with her in his arms.

“Jeez, the floor is really sticky...”

“Jonathan Byers, do not try to blame your lack of dancing skills on the floor!” she said with her eyes twinkling “Besides” she went on “you’re not that bad, my feet are still intact after all. You’re at least as good as Dustin”

“At least? Should I be worried?”

“Mh...” she pondered “you know, that hair really did it for me”

He laughed softly, his dimples showing “By the way, have I told you how sweet it was, you dancing with Dustin? You’re amazing”

She looked up “Thank you, it was the least I could do. Those girls were mean and, during these last years, I wasn’t that kinder... besides I really couldn’t resist that hair, Steve must have had something to do with it”

Steve, wonderful Steve. She may not be in love with him, but Nancy saw how considerate and caring he was with the kids. Especially Dustin. The things between them weren't perfect yet, but he talked to Jonathan frequently and he stopped avoiding her completely. She really hoped they could be real friends one day. He deserved someone who could love him freely and completely. Someone who was in love with him.

Their foreheads were touching, and slowly they were kissing, lazily, tracing each other lips with their tongues before parting them. Suddenly, the boy in charge of the music pulled the wire out of the speaker, silence filling the hall.

Nancy and Jonathan parted, still holding each other.

"Do you want to get out of here?" he asked.

"Yeah" she replied a bit breathless.

The night air was cold, filled with that kind of silence reserved for the minutes that precede the falling of the first snowflakes.

His car was the only in the parking, at the very end of it.

Once they were inside Nancy looked at him "Do you mind continuing from we left off?"

"Actually, I don't" he said smiling as Nancy climbed on top of him. Thank God for car-sex. His house was off limits with Will and his Mom being there, he really didn't want his younger brother hearing any of it and her house, they had sex there, but it was just a bit complicated creeping out of her room trying not to be noticed, hence the car. Honestly, he would have sex with Nancy in the upside-down if it meant being inside her.

"Turn the heater on" she ordered shakily.

She was already bare under her coat, her red and black dress ruffled at her waist, pink nipples erect as he began sucking on them. He had never seen anything so lovely.

“Jon...” she moaned, her hands in his hair. He loved when she called him like that, like she couldn’t muster the force to utter his full name. His hands had skated underneath her dress now, stroking her center, she was wearing lace panties, that only added friction to his touch. He could feel her wetness seeping through, Jonathan still marveled that it was him who turned her on like this. It was an intoxicating thought.

He felt her hands popping the buttons of his pants and stroking his cock over his underwear, then taking it in her hands gently stroking it. Her thumb spreading the wetness at the tip. He groaned against her shoulder.

“Do you have a condom with you?” she asked.

“My pocket” These days he was always prepared, after the pull-out fiasco from their first time. He ended up coming on her stomach, a drop of it even landed on her breast. Damn, if that wasn’t one of the most erotic things he had ever seen. That image haunted him every night since then.

He entered her in one swift motion, she was quiet, kissing his neck, hands in his hair. They began rocking together, their humid breaths mingling, and soon enough Nancy tightened her hold on his hair. That was his cue, he flicked his thumb at her clit and she came, biting his shoulder.

Jonathan would never get used to the feeling of her walls fluttering against him, squeezing him. It brought him over the edge as he spilled inside the condom.

“Wow” whispered trying to catch her breath, gently kissing his face.

Suddenly a bright light invested them, Nancy squealed and launched herself on the passenger seat, her dress getting trapped in the stick shift. He swiftly tried to catch her, but the intruder tapped insistently on the foggy window.

“Nance, should I open the window?” he asked unsurely.

“Jonathan, I’m half-naked, trapped in this damned stick thing and

you still have your condom on” she hissed

At that Jonathan eyes bulged looking down at his lap, quickly discarding it.

“So, no, I would be glad if you kept that window well closed”

“Jonathan, is that you?” grunted an eerily familiar voice. Oh no. Not again.

Jonathan was only hoping that Chief Hopper wasn’t with his mom, as it often happened these days. God, please, not his mom.

He looked over at Nancy, who had managed to disentangle herself and was now putting on her bra.

“Yeah” he replied shakily.

“Listen kid, I don’t even want to imagine what you and Nancy were doing inside this car. But it’s starting to snow and if you want to get home safely I advise you two better get going”

Nancy had her face in her hands, shoulders shaking. Ugh, this was bad.

“Oh, ok. Got it.”

He couldn’t hear Hopper’s reply, just some grumbling that sounded like “kids these days” as he walked away, over Nancy who was shaking with laughter.

“Oh my God Jonathan, why does this always happen to us? It seems as if they all have a radar!”

“Well, maybe it’s just us, not able to keep our hands off each other” he added with his sideway smile.

Nancy loved this new confident side of him, she loves that maybe, just maybe, she had something to do with it.

“Yeah, that seems more likely” she giggled.

“Oh and Jonathan? Pull your zipper up before you get home”

**Author's Note:**

Kudos and comments are always appreciated